

Frightened Poems

My poems have scattered,
shattered by news of water-soaked screams
and flood-born deaths.

My poems are hiding,
riding out hope of good news:
a child still breathing,
someone to accept blame
or willing to put safety
above the cost of sirens.

Oh, poems, come out! Take my hand
and scribble a rough draft filled
with sunshine, kindness, or life.

I know you're somewhere,
crouching like a frightened cat in a tree
or hiding like a pup behind a pile of rubble.
I know you can spring up like daffodils,
pushing through piles of compost or snow.
But hurry, please! Find me before the bulldozers
tear up your roots or bury your blooms.

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